The
COMMONWEAL

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Tunisia

THE UNBROKEN SERIES of Allied successes in North Africa the past few weeks take considerable explaining. They did not simply happen. And although they may be taken as a turning of the tide, they do not indicate yet that the worldwide battle against the Axis is actually won. And this is true no matter how prolonged a stand the German generals are able to make in the highly fortified positions that remain to them.

Adequate preparation is the keynote of the successes thus far registered. It is a prime element with the British 8th Army which has carried along the brunt of the attack. From the moment almost three years ago that Churchill made the decision to hold Egypt at any cost—even that of weakening Britain's home defenses when invasion of the homeland seemed imminent—the English have been girding for this campaign. There is no other way of explaining five months of virtually uninterrupted progress and the registering of an advance of 1,500 miles—one of the longest in military history. Months of experience against the competent Afrika Korps, months of amassing and distributing wisely vast stores of matériel, months of deadly preparation about which the public remained in the dark. We have learned this Axis lesson well.

Hardly less spectacular is the background of the American contribution to the Tunisian successes. Efficient operation of so sizable a force so many thousands of miles from home exacts the most thorough foresight and preparation. Our stands against Rommel's seasoned troops and our clear-cut victories in the air both point to the best in training and supply services.

And in all the consideration of the results thus far achieved in Tunisia we must not overlook the services of the gallant French, who filled in whatever gaps existed in the line drawn up against the German-Italian forces. The French had scarcely more than rifles—no tanks, no planes, no field guns—yet they held their positions fast. Not the least of their services was that performed by Larminat and his Free French battalions—also the result of thorough preparation. For they marched thousands of miles from Lake Chad in the deepest interior of Africa to join in the fighting that broke through the Mareth line. The battle of Tunisia clearly shows how future battles must be won.

The Food Front

THE PRESIDENT'S ACTION on April 8 freezing wages and prices was a body blow against the sort of mentality which has conceived and brought forth the Bankhead and Pace Bills, both designed to let farmers in for big money and, incidentally, to let food prices bounce up a few pegs more. In his statement Mr. Roosevelt took precisely the line we advocated in our editorial "America's Daily Bread" two weeks ago: "Adjustments in the price relationship between different commodities will be permitted if such adjustments can be made without increasing the general cost of living. But any further inducements to maintain or increase production must not be allowed to disturb the present price levels; such further inducements, whether they take the form of supporting prices or subsidies, must not be allowed to increase farm prices to consumers." It is indeed demonstrable that at existing returns all but the least efficient farmers should be making money, and good money too. Farm income in general is way up, and the only reason in most cases for farmers' demanding higher prices is either greed or inefficiency. This is in no way to minimize the farmer's real problems—working capital, labor, machinery and parts.

The saddest phenomenon on the farm front is the proposal of the House Appropriations Committee to abolish the FSA. Mr. Patton of the Farmers Union calls this "balkanizing" American agriculture; we would go a step further and call it a threat against the very idea of farming as a way of life. The big farmers cannot tolerate the notion that the little fellow shall be helped, that farm labor is anything more than a commodity, to be bought as cheap as you can buy and to the devil with the hindmost. So one of the few New Deal agencies against which very little can properly be said is to be thrown out the window, with

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no word of the good it has done and a dark hint that it is "communist." In this connection the Rules Committee is to be strongly commended for insisting that the fate of the FSA be debated on the floor of the House instead of being arbitrarily decided in committee. Meanwhile Mr. Wickard continues his double-talk. "I am hopeful that we will approximate the production goals set for this year, 30 percent above the volume of the 1935-39 period." Which sounds good, except that in that period we had no huge military establishment with its vast demand for food (far above the demands of the same men in peacetime), and we had no Lend-Lease, and a great part of the impoverished half of this nation did not get enough to eat. Worst of all, the Senate and House Bills did freeze Southern farm labor in the South, while providing $26,000,000 to finance the movements of a "mobile food army," that had a few kinks ironed out of them in conference—with all their worst features left in. We seem to be sliding back just about as far as we move forward.

Interracial Progress, South

FROM the days of the New England abolitionists onwards one of the greatest obstacles to Negro betterment in our southern states has been the natural resentment of southern whites against interference from without. While there have always been local citizens devoted to the cause of the slaves and the freedmen, the great impulse for reform came always from the North. The passions roused by our bitter Civil War and its crushing outcome made southerners even more resentful of Yankee reformism. Particularly when they knew how little we did for our own "wage slaves" or the victims of the slum conditions in our large industrial cities. In sensational cases such as that of the Scottsboro Boys the attorney for the defense was from the North, while it was the Workers Defense League of New York that kept hope alive in the Waller case for so many months. Northern friends of the southern Negro usually had two strikes on them from the start.

The encouraging thing is that southerners themselves are beginning to agitate for justice for the Negro. Although it represents only a tiny minority, that has been one of the problems bravely faced by the Catholic Conference of the South. Much more representative is the conference of more than one hundred white southerners just held in Atlanta. The statement they drew up accepting in principle the objectives adopted by Negro leaders at Durham last fall, was signed by a number of leaders in the fields of journalism, education and religion, including Bishop Gerald P. O'Hara of Savannah. Ralph McGill of the Atlanta *Constitution,* who presided, was instructed to appoint representatives to meet soon with a committee from the Durham conference. It looks as if a forthright discussion of many of their difficulties by full-fledged representatives of both contending parties is possible for the first time in our history.

To maintain that all is now plain sailing would be to hold out false hopes, for there are many thorny difficulties—segregation is one of them—which are still far from immediate solution. But a few phrases from the Atlanta statement, as quoted in the *Times,* are enough to indicate that this conference marks a tremendous forward step: "The Durham statement is so frank and courageous, so free of any suggestion of threat and ultimatum, that we gladly agree to cooperate in any sound program aimed at the improvement of race relations. These Negro leaders rightly place emphasis on discrimination in the administration of our laws on purely racial grounds. We are sensitive to this charge and admit that it is essentially just. While all citizens are governed by the same laws, it is recognized that Negroes have little voice in the making and enforcement of the laws under which they must live. This is a violation of the spirit of democracy. No Southerner can logically dispute the fact that the Negro, as an American citizen, is entitled to his civic rights and economic opportunities."

This remarkable development comes just at a time when restiveness is marked among the Negroes, North and South, many of whom for the first time, now, have jobs at decent wages. It will help to dissipate doubts raised by Axis propagandists as to the sincerity of our belief in the democratic freedoms. And if these parleys get beyond the talking stage and the poor white and the poor Negro, realizing that they are economically interdependent, institute necessary remedial steps, a long stride will have been taken toward the rehabilitation of our historic South. In the matter of social reform the greatest hopes abide in movements instituted from within.

N.B.

SECRETARY HULL, before the House Ways and Means Committee: "The continued existence of the trade agreements machinery . . . is the central and indispensable point in any feasible program of international cooperation. . . . The many peoples who look toward this country with hope are watching our action on this act with profound interest. What we do about it will be looked upon as a signpost pointing to the path they can expect us to follow. Repudiation of the trade agreements program, or the curtailment of it in scope or time by amendment, would be taken as a clear indication that this country which, in war, is bearing its full share of responsibility, will not do so in peace."

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Italian Army

IT IS always a wonderful thing to know the answers; it is a wonderful thing to make the plans and give the orders. Here we are, possibly about to invade Italian territory and there has been a wonderful meeting at Carnegie Hall. Four quotes:

Mr. Luigi Antonini: "The Italian people will be mobilized not only against the fascists but also against Mussolini's crowned accomplices. America must help the Italian underground fighting for social justice in the spirit of democracy and freedom."

Count Sforza: "If America follows in words and deeds the road opened a few months ago with the statesman-like decision of Francis Biddle, it will be easy to make of 45,000,000 Italians a nation of enthusiastic allies of the United States; but it will not be so if the Italians become confused through contradictory impressions, through the appearance of ghastly shadows of the past." [The King, Ciano, Badoglio etc.]

Mayor La Guardia: "I am certain that when we do land on the shores of Italy we will arrive with the outstretched hand of comradeship and friendship and not at the point of a bayonet."

Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas: "But there will be the marching feet of the mighty army of liberation, the army of liberation bringing freedom to the conquered land of Italy. Each man must make his choice whether to accept that army, or to follow the discredited ranks of the weak tyrant who has sold Italy to her oppressors. We then will know our friends and we will know our foes. . . . It is time that the Italian soldier and sailor cast off this mantle of glory—the glory of dying for Germany . . ."

Well, there you are: no more duce, no more king, no more dying for Germany—the army lays down its arms or, if it counts among the 45,000,000 "enthusiastic allies," the army turns its arms against the Germans.

The trouble with a lead like this is that it sounds sarcastic. That is not a fitting tone. I admit that I do not know what it would feel like "to arrive" anywhere "at the point of a bayonet" (Mayor La Guardia)—but of course that is just a figure of speech. There is no reason, there is no excuse, for allowing sarcasm to enter a discussion which concerns the life and death of our soldiers, the victory of our arms, and also the future of a people for whom Americans have a natural friendship and to whom they owe a certain and calculable debt. There is good reason, however, to say that the "mighty army of liberation" is not entering a situation as simple as these speeches describe.

Take the question of the Italian Army. Telling Italian officers and men that they are "dying for Germany" is too simple a variant on the theme "England will fight to the last Frenchman." Allied armies are not grouped as if they were members of a track team, each running a lap. A military alliance brings to each of the armies which compose it greater or less hardship, danger, exhaustion on different fronts and at different times. It has not been—it could never conceivably have been—a deliberate Germany policy to save the good fighting for the Germany Army, the bad fighting for the Italian. A general does not put the infantry in the mud, the aviator in the air, the staff officer in the office, out of any preference for the individuals concerned.

The Italian Army has gone from defeat to defeat. I suggest that no amount of talk will induce it to proceed from defeat into dishonor. It will obey orders to the end. When defeated it will stop fighting as every army stops fighting when defeated. The Italians who form the Italian Army are not fascists—probably vast numbers of them are anti-fascist — they are peasants, workers, clerks, salesman, pharmacists, they are conscripted Italians doing their duty, their very hard duty, they are the Italian manhood between fixed age limits. They are the Italian people at war. They did not want to go to war; they would like the war to end: it is very likely that they foresee, now, that the war will end in defeat: it is very likely that many of them are delighted to be made prisoner whenever circumstances make it possible to be made prisoner with honor. We have not heard of Italian soldiers surrendering in dishonor. Defeat has not lessened their pride of arms.

Are we fighting cowards; If so why bother to talk? If not, we must be prepared to meet Italian armed resistance wherever we advance.

Unless. Unless the Italian Army receives orders to lay down arms from an authority it considers competent to issue such orders.

And there you run straight into what for a time was called Darlanism and remains the central difficulty in our political approach to Europe—the question as to what authority can supersede the authority we must destroy. I know that Count Sforza would say that this new authority is already in Italy, perhaps even in the Italian Army, latent and underground. I agree. This new authority will rebuild Italy. I have no doubt of that. But it is by nature revolutionary, illegal authority: it represents the permanent desire of Italians for freedom and justice: it cannot be accepted by the legal instruments—the army, the navy—of the Italian state as at present constituted. Until an Italian revolution has taken place it cannot give orders which the army, the navy will accept. The Italian revolution will not take place until Italy is defeated.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Patience of the Poor

By GEORGES BERNANOS

I BELIEVE that the world will be saved by the Poor, and indeed by that very species of the Poor which the world looks upon as incurable, which the world suspects of having been born proof against the Virgilian "cursed greed for gold," just as goats are proof against tuberculosis. Such Poor exist, of course, but we know little about them, if only because they know very little about themselves. In no sense have they taken vows of poverty; rather God has taken these vows in their place, without their knowledge; He has made sieves of their hands so that they can hold onto nothing.

We should be deeply mistaken were we to confound these people with spenders, with wasters, with the careless. The very sign of their mysterious vocation is not that they scorn money—in fact they sometimes get to the point of thinking that they love money as much as the rest of us. But if they do love money, they do not truly desire it; rather they dream about it, and we may well wonder whether they believe in it any more seriously than children believe in ogres and fairies. God keeps them in this state of innocent curiosity regarding that monster whose thirst could not be quenched by all the blood of the human race. I say that such Poor will save the world. And they will save it without wishing to; they will ask for nothing in return, simply because they will be unaware of the value of the service they will have rendered. They will carry out this stupendous task, and they will not win a farthing in reward. They will continue just as before to argue with the drugstore proprietor, the baker, the grocer, the landlord; they will continue each month to go through their financial sleight-of-hand and high strategy; they will bend their every energy to state with precision problems more absurd than that of squaring the circle; and, imagining that they are solving them, they will waste their time thinking them solved—dreaming, for instance, that they pay their debts, that, as they themselves would put it, they are "starting off on the right foot" at last. Unfortunately this is the sort of foot they never have, and what is more they get along very well without it, for they have no real urge to run too fast after fortune. They do not want money for today; they prefer to hope that it will come tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow, and it is this hope which is what they really love.

Hope. That is the word I have been wanting to get to. The rest of the world desires, covets, demands, requires, and the world calls all these things hope because it has neither patience nor insight nor honor; all it wants is pleasure, and pleasure cannot be awaited, hoped for, in the true sense of the word; waiting for pleasure cannot be described as any form of hope, but rather of frenzy, of agony.

Moreover the modern world lives much too fast, the world no longer has time for hope, the inner life of modern man in our days has too quick a rhythm to allow the formation and ripening of so burning and tender a feeling; the modern man shrugs his shoulders at the very idea of so chaste a betrothal to the future. The world no longer has time to hope, or to love, or to dream. Rather it is the poor who hope in the world's place, exactly as the saints love and expiate for all of us. The tradition of hope lies in the hands of the poor, just as the ancient lace-makers of Bruges have a secret technique which mechanical processes will never succeed in imitating.

You may answer me that the Poor, since they needs must live on hope, have not much more merit in hoping than in living. True enough! You might even add that the harder their life becomes, the more they should hope by way of compensation. Do you believe that the labors of these busy honey bees, the honey which seeps from their hives, might possibly be lost forever? O! certainly, no one really asks himself this question, since the earth is still possessed by the masters of modern industrialism. But the day will come—is not that day already near at hand? Do you not feel upon your forehead, upon your hands, the first freshness of its dawn?—the day will come when those who now, as though hypnotized, chase after their pitiless masters, the bloodthirsty masters who lavish human life as though it were some worthless raw material, who stuff their furnaces and their forges with human lives . . . when those who chase thereafter will stop short upon the road which leads nowhere. . . . Well, then, the Word of God shall perhaps be accomplished; the Poor shall possess the earth, simply because they will not have lost the habit of hope in a world of the hopeless.

I realize perfectly that such an hypothesis will seem trifling to realistic political thinkers. "Whoever controls the whole of public opinion truly possesses the earth," they will answer me, "and since the Poor will never have enough money to control the first, they will never possess the second."

Yes, yes, you think that you are the masters of all public opinion, but you have only explored that part of public opinion which is most ready to your hand. You have summoned the peoples to profit, as you are now calling them to arms, and the squirming and grimacing multitudes have hidden the horizon from your eyes; their cries have filled, covered, submerged the silence of millions. But now you must act. You realists have promised the liquidation of a society whereof, moreover, you brashly wasted the resources, and

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silly fools are still trying to figure out the profits of such an operation, whereas you yourselves already know that all it will do is leave us a tremendous capital debt. So now you must create something.

We have seen you proudly boasting of a philosophy of man which attributes to this biped but one motive power—self-interest—but one god—force—and but one inner urge—instinct. We shall learn by experience what this philosophy is worth. Deign, realists, to understand me; don't take all this as some trifling witticism. You have been able to tear down a society, but you will never build up a new one with men formed after your pattern. To build is always a task of love. Sooner or later you shall have to make an appeal to a humanity which you do not know at all well, that you even refuse to know, because its existence would make your theses crumble, a humanity which is not realist in the meaning you give to the word. Another humanity, another species of men, who you believe will never demand anything, because they do not need the same things as you do.

Perhaps they will demand nothing; perhaps they will draw up no list of grievances. But—and mark my word—you will never get the best of their patience, of their holy patience. Whatever you knock down, they will rebuild behind your back—they will do it once, ten times, a hundred times. Tirelessly they will pick up everything that you have let fall, and they will hand it back to you, with a smile. The picture of life which you paint in your own mind is so gross that you believe you have found in violence the ultimate secret of domination, whereas experience daily teaches us that the humble patience of man has constantly, and through millenia without number, put in check the wild forces of evil. When you believe that you have beaten everything down, enslaved everything, you will still not have triumphed over the patience of Jesus Christ. "The patience of the Poor shall not perish, forever."

Farmer John Lewis

A report on his first year's activity.

***By* Arthur Moore**

IT WAS a year ago that John L. Lewis began to organize the dairy farmers under the slogan,"He never lost a fight." He is still using the slogan, but farmers are beginning to wonder when the fight is going to start.

"First I thought he was after our money," an Illinois farmer said recently. "But he's not trying hard enough. Now I wonder what he's really after."

A year ago his friends said it would be an all-out fight. His enemies believed it because they wanted to. They thought that if he failed with the farmers, he would disappear as a major figure in American life. After a year these early impressions appear altogether too simple.

Lewis started with all outward signs of living up to that slogan. He pledged the entire $6,000,000 reserve of the United Mine Workers. He put organizers in the field. He established contact with dissatisfied remnants of former farm organizations. He started a monthly newspaper which featured his portrait in every issue. He put on such a menacing face that farmers thought barns would be burned and milk contaminated, the whole to be climaxed by a major milk strike in the fall.

Lewis is still going through the motions of organizing farmers. But most of the richest farm areas in the central west have never seen his men. Well informed observers in North Dakota, South Dakota, three sections of Iowa, central and eastern Nebraska and two sections of Wisconsin give the same report: No sign of a United Dairy Farmers' drive.

Where the organizers have gone the story is usually the same. The farmers won't listen.

"I tried to talk to some of the men in my district," a Dubois County, Indiana, dairyman complained. "They've been poisoned against Lewis. They won't believe he means the farmer any good. Mention that $6,000,000 and it scares them. They think he's going to make the farmers pay it back."

The results of this suspicion show in the published figures of the UDF. Last fall, the time set by the prophets for the first great milk strike, the UDF newspaper claimed 40 locals in nine states. It admitted trouble obtaining organizers who "could understand the farmer's problems and at the same time understand the trade union setup."

Illinois seems an exception to the general lack

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of concentrated midwestern effort. Four men are assigned to the northern part of the state. Three of Illinois's 102 counties have locals and a carefully staged effort to attract Illinois support was made last November in Peoria. A small group who call themselves the National Farmers Guild invited UFD officials to address their national convention.

A national convention

About 50 farmers sat in the afternoon gloom of a hotel night club when Ralph Marlatt, national organization director of the UDF, was introduced.

"Do I look like I'd ever burn a barn or poison a cow?" he wanted to know.

He did not. Short and slight, with wavy hair, he was enough to disarm anyone expecting an organizer from the coal pits.

"I don't carry a gun or a blackjack," he said. "I couldn't fight a farmer. I'm not big enough."

To these farmers, accustomed to seeing their own kind doing organization work, he looked like he couldn't fight his way through a shock of corn. If Marlatt is not what the farmers expect by way of an organizer, he at least plays the role as he sees it in full character. To the members of the Farmers' Guild his pleated trousers and his double breasted waistcoat made it seem almost a costume part.

He mildly explained that the United Mine Workers wanted to organize the farmers to protect their own wage scale.

For the first time farmers in the room learned that the UDF was not limited to dairy farmers. Any farmer could join. Because the dairymen weren't coming in? Nobody asked.

Marlatt rounded out his talk with a confession that he had once wanted to be an actor, tossed off some poetry and gave way to E. E. Kennedy.

When Kennedy was given the title of "research director" of the UDF, cries of astonishment and rage arose from CIO and old-line farm organizations alike. Those who had known Kennedy breathed easier, even as they breathed fire. The Lewis threat was settling into something that might be handled. In their eyes, six million dollars was one thing but E. E. Kennedy was quite another.

The *CIO News* led the attack with a claim that Kennedy was a "close associate" of Father Coughlin. It charged that Kennedy was removed as an officer of the National Farmers Union in 1936 when he tried to put the union behind the Lemke-Coughlin presidential party without the consent of the members. The publication of the Farmers Union of the New York milkshed said Kennedy had lobbied in Washington with Louis B. Ward, then editor of *Social Justice*. Kennedy was described as "Coughlin's farm lieutenant" by *Facts for Farmers*, a publication of Farm Research, New York.

Whether Kennedy ever was a follower of Father Coughlin or not, he is a strange figure to be turned up by a man with $6,000,000 to spend and a burning desire to organize farmers. Farmers recall him variously as the man who left the old Illinois Farmers Union and then tried to wreck it; who broke with the National Farmers Union and then tried to wreck it; who was accused of scabbing in a Chicago milk strike which the Farmers Union had organized.

The Farmers Guild is what is left of a band of followers who left the Farmers Union with him in the split over Lemke-Coughlin. In Peoria he was appearing as their second vice-president as well as UDF director of research.

He told them that at existing farm prices they were making from $3 to $6 a week.

Now men from the corn acres of Iowa, Indiana and Illinois are not easily jarred. In their time they hear almost everything by way of economic heresy and political tall talk. The speaker was their Ed and they were far from their bulging corn cribs, their bank balances and their war bonds. They didn't challenge or laugh; they applauded and woke up a parrot which was part of the night club's tropical atmosphere. From then on the parrot punctuated Kennedy's remarks, not always at the most opportune moment.

Statisticians, confronted by Kennedy's figures, are not as tolerant as the Farmers Guild. He bases his claims on a "cost of production" formula which defies expert analysis. On this wobbly base he piles "average production" and on that, "average income." He concludes that wheat would have to go to $2.14 a bushel before the farmer got paid as well as industrial workers. The prices now is around $1.40. His figure for corn was $1.44 while the market is around 95 cents.

"Average" is a deceptive device at best. The 2,000 acre cattle ranch, the 400 acre corn-hog farm, the 80 acre dairy farm, the share cropper of the South, the hill grubber of the Appalachians; these and two score more variations make production averages almost meaningless in farm statistics. And how can income be averaged usefully in an industry in which 50 percent of the producers get 12 percent of the income? If Kennedy were working down among the 40-acres-and-a-mule farmers, he might be guessing nearer the truth. But that is no place for an ambitious farm organizer. The economically favored and politically powerful corn belt farmer is getting the Kennedy story. Solemnly to tell them they are making from $3 to $6 a week is ridiculous on the face of it.

These are the same figures that Kennedy presented to congressional committees last Septem-

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ber. In the words of the *United Dairy Farmer*, ". . . there was a momentary silence in the vast Senate committee room. The news was received by the committee members in a stunned, rather incredulous manner. They acted as though they had never considered the farm problem in exactly this light before." And little wonder. The suspicion that Lewis is employing a humorist to report UDF affairs also suggests itself.

The economic philosophy behind Kennedy's elaborate tables was revealed in his opening statement to his Peoria listeners.

"We'll never pay the national debt without a corresponding increase in the national income." This introduced the historic inflation fringe of farm thinking dressed up as Honest John Lewis. Solon Chase of Maine put it this way back in the greenback days of 1870: "Inflate and you raise the price of my steers and at the same time pay the public debt." Nobody ever put the case more eloquently and Kennedy was scarcely less blunt. It is the appealing belief that by inflation the farmer gets rich while the laborer and the fixed income class pays off the public debt. It is like making a million dollars raising turkeys. It can be done on the back of an envelope.

If Lewis is sincere in offering Kennedy's figures as a farm program it must be with cynical knowledge of what would happen to his own miners' food bills. The program Lewis proclaims as a "protection" of mine workers' incomes actually would lower their living standards. It is more likely that Lewis understands the weaknesses of the UDF program and that with equal cynicism he is using it for some purpose of his own. The half-hearted membership drive, the sparse results to date, the mis-casting of Marlatt, the adoption of a man like Kennedy whose talents run to disruption rather than organization; all this convinces the farmer that Lewis has something on his mind in addition to milk.

This conviction showed in the result of the Peoria meeting. The Guild delegates, with everything set for an endorsement, repudiated the UDF. Peoria newspapers reported the vote was 35 to 2.

If they had been asked why they thought Lewis was investing prestige and money in the UDF, most of these farmers would have said politics. It is the one answer that makes sense to them. Looking toward 1944, Lewis seems to be throwing in the equivalent of the $500,000 he loaned the Democrats in 1932. But it is a wiser, more devious Lewis. He knows more about politics and he knows more about voters.

He learned in 1940 that he could not lead his own miners away from Roosevelt. That is a sucker's way to play politics, anyway. The better way is to find a parade and get in front of it. A year ago he detected what was happening in the central farm belt. Farmers were returning to their traditional Republicanism, come war or high water. Lewis struck off a swift banner and declared himself in the lead. If successful, farmers may carry him to the place he could never carry his own miners—to a political pay-off window.

For this he does not need an effective farm union. He needs only a paper organization, a membership roll inflated at the right moment and a man like Kennedy stirring up something to pass off as a "program." So last fall, while Marlatt and Kennedy were trying to kick up enough dust for a marching column, Ray Edmundson, for years Lewis's lieutenant among Illinois coal miners, went quietly about the real business of placing advertisements for Republican Senator Curly Brooks.

No, Lewis is not through. His failure with the farmer does not mean he is finished as a power in American life. The mistakes of the past year may have been honest ones. He may correct them and still succeed in organizing a farm union. But if his real purpose is to use the UDF to advance his political ambitions he will find the isolationists in the Republican party easier to impress than the farmer. And if the farmers out this way are right, it is the Republican party that he is really trying to sign up.

A Celt Turned Maori

By EILEEN DUGGAN

THE CHURCH has never failed in respect for the simple. Even among the ancients of the pre-Christian era the human intellect was humbled by legend. Balaam's ass was the first to see the angel. The dogs of Telemachus were the first to see Athena. The Church has contained since its inception some of the subtlest brains that the world has known, but its norm for sainthood is not subtlety. Matt Talbot, if or when he is canonised, will be co-equal in the calendar with Aquinas; and, bringing them down to their common denominator, the difference is not so great as at first appears.

François Jammes claimed for himself the faith of a cobbler: Pasteur longed for the faith of a Breton peasant: and if you had asked Father James McDonald his ideal, he would have said "The faith of a Maori."

He was a Kilkenny man. Bishop Pompallier brought him back to New Zealand after a trip to Europe in 1850 and he was actually Administrator of the diocese in the interregnum between the departure of the bishop and the arrival of Bishop Croke, the "lion of Cashel," who was daunted away from New Zealand by the sea-roads of his wild See. Under four successive bishops he was

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Vicar General for the Maoris. After the second bishop's arrival, he devoted himself entirely to the natives, his powers among them being such that he was allowed to administer confirmation. He died with not a white face near.

That is his career in brief. What makes him, then, outstanding even in a land that saw the incredible exploits of the great French Marists? It was his trust. He had neither wallet nor roof of any white man's giving. He went down among the natives, lived their life, ate their food, and honored such of their customs as did not conflict with his inherited doctrines. They justified his act of faith.

I came on him first in Wilson's history, a book valuable for its human interest. Here was a man with no one to back him. Helen Waddell said that the Desert Fathers stamped infinity on the imagination of the West. He and those Marists should stamp it on the mind of the South. One of his *whare* shelters had neither window nor door; his bed was stones and wattles, his table a sawn tree, his seat a log. His wash-basin was a rock in mid-creek. Had he not detached himself as much as Anthony or Ephraim? One is reminded of a hermit who returned to community life saying he was not "good enough for the desert."

Here was a man of culture. Even in his threadbare soutane he had what the Maoris call *"mana."* It is their word for power or sway. He had none of the advantages of background to enhance him. When he rode out, men turned to look at him, not even because two Maoris rode in single file behind him with swelling saddlebags—a simple guard of honor. No! It was because he had that quality which Willa Cather gave Father Latour—a courtesy to his horse, to himself and to the sky. It may seem odd to admire in him a courtesy to himself. It is an essential in humanity—a salute not to human flesh but to divine creation. In all his years among the natives he never lost it.

He talked so much Maori that at the end his English sometimes wandered: but he never failed that dignity of the spirit. Indeed, he was set in the conditions to foster it. At his worst the Maori was a stately savage; at his best he was a noble pagan. No better native race exists in the world. Its cycle of myths and legends was collected by Sir George Grey during his governorship of these islands, and such writings as "Hine Moa" are of epic worth. The Maori has an extraordinary gift for metaphor and for rhetoric and Father McDonald came of a race that excels in these gifts. Judge Alpers once wrote a lengthy comparison between the Celt and the Maori. They have in common a joy-shot rue. A Maori's mirth has behind it that melancholy which is the inheritance of island peoples, ringed by the unceasing sea, like time islanded in eternity. No wonder Dr. McDonald had the key to the Maori character.

I think he would have delighted Saint Paul. Samuel Butler, the Christ-ridden agnostic whose "Erewhon" was set in New Zealand, said once in his self-conscious way that Saint Paul would not stand up to a cock canary. He was lucky, I think, that Saint Paul was dead. He certainly would not have said that unscathed to Dr. McDonald, who would have looked even beyond Saint Paul in the matter, knowing that the insult was intended not for the man but for his quest. He had the hardihood, the virtue in the Roman sense that distinguished the great Jew.

Father Golden tells in his book, "Some Old Waikato Days," of a Maori mission given in Cambridge by Dr. James McDonald. His natives sang so sweetly that the whites went up to listen outside the walls. In those days he had a kind of *whare* in Drury in the charge of an old Maori man, and to this crude crib he returned from journeys as to a home. When he was on the march, a few yards of canvas slung from a tree were his church and his presbytery. He would not sleep in a white man's house, nor attend to the whites, lest he should offend the Maoris to whom he had given his life.

At Rama Rama was a one-roomed *whare* which was called his hermitage. The beds were supported on logs and boulders on the earthern floor. There was a broad chimney and a bench—no chairs. Father Golden stayed with him once there, and he showed him a waterfall he called his. "Dr. Croke was the first I showed it to," he said, "and you, child, will be the second." From what a well of tenderness to poor mortality came that word "child" as used to a grown man! His secrets were as transparent as the water of the fall, but his neighbors, brown and white, never let him know that.

A kind of magic attached to his name. For ages no one would hear of him, and then some stranger coming in from the bush would report that he had seen him riding in the wilderness with his Maori train, or cooking with a Maori oven outside his *whare* door; and the meal would be pipis (shellfish), dried shark and sweet potatoes. He began to look like the folk he served, for he even wore the Maori mat; he retained, however, an old slouch hat. The natives were given by him a great example of temperance, for he touched not even ale, let alone "fire-water." His influence was exerted always for peace, but the Maoris did not presume on that gentleness. There was flame on his wick.

When he died at Hekianga their Tangi was more plangent than an Irish wake. His brother took charge of his body in death and laid it to rest at Panmure.

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Communications

AMERICA'S DAILY BREAD

Des Moines, Iowa.

TO the Editors: I like your editorial "America's Daily Bread." I believe your seven-point program is very sound. I will be East to taste your radishes early in May. Now produce.

RIGHT REVEREND L. G. LIGUTTI,
Executive Secretary,
National Catholic Rural Life Conference.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Your editorial on "America's Daily Bread" states the important current issues with your usual fine sense of the great values. You have also given much information about our critical situation. The program outlined is practical and should appeal widely. We are again indebted to THE COMMONWEAL for good journalism.

BENSON Y. LANDIS,
Department of Research & Education,
Federal Council of Churches.

St. Cloud, Minn.

TO the Editors: I wish to thank you for the advanced copy of your special editorial, "America's Daily Bread," which I received today. I am reproducing portions of it in my own comment in the form of our main article in the April 11 issue of the *Register, St. Cloud Edition.* Your plain exposé of this vital problem will, I am sure, be helpful to our 16,000 subscribers who for the most part live on farms and would otherwise perhaps not get to read it.

I may take this occasion also to thank you for the help and inspiration I derive in my work from THE COMMONWEAL. I found the article on the Ship Building Program last week by William Brownell very enlightening. I am one of those many who would like to see you grow and expand, but who at the same time realizes that your financial problem curtails your ability to give us as many of these special services as we could use with great profit.

REVEREND FERDINAND C. FALQUE,
Editor, Register, St. Cloud Edition.

Buffalo, N. Y.

TO the Editors: It is becoming clearer, even to the most obdurate among us, that we cannot eat *as usual* and also win this war. When more of us are convinced of the truth of this new and startling thing in our history, we will be ready to face the real problem, that of basing good health and working energy upon less desirable foods and less of them, upon simpler diets.

I cannot, therefore, agree with you that if we do not watch out we will not get the food we need "to function at full efficiency." The food we need is available. The food we want is not. Briefly, we should not discuss food shortages from the old viewpoint of standard stuffs, rich in quality and abundant in quantity and variety. Our task is that of the nutritionist, getting adequate sustenance out of the combinations of foods that war has not driven from the markets. This calls for the kind of teamplay which we associate in our minds with "holding that line" down near our own goal posts. It means sending experienced labor and, when necessary, the taxpayers' dollars, into the fields at planting time, right now and when the crops are ready, later. It means wage-cost parity as of September 5, 1942. It means a proper understanding of fair rationing as a protective device to maintain our blessed equality. It means farmer-consumer collaboration. It requires immediate and widespread education, as you correctly conclude.

REVEREND JOHN P. BOLAND.

ECONOMIC INJUSTICE IN QUEBEC

Ottawa, Canada.

TO the Editors: I was very interested in the article in your issue of April 9 on the economic exploitation of French Canadian workers in the Province of Quebec. The article though well written and correct in detail will give Americans a slightly false impression about the difference in living standards between the Province of Quebec and the rest of Canada.

As a matter of fact there are areas in Ontario and Nova Scotia where living conditions are as bad and workers are as mercilessly exploited as in Quebec. Your author tends to picture the conflict too much as one between French Canadian workmen and British Canadian and American capitalists. French Canadian employers in the Province of Quebec can be just as heartless in their treatment of their French Canadian employees as their British Canadian confreres.

Quebec workers of the more enlightened and progressive type are coming to realize that their only salvation lies in the support of a national program of social reform, in union with the under-privileged groups in other parts of Canada.

Mr. Le Doux also fails to point out that French Canadians are "hewers of wood and drawers of water" because of the antiquated Quebec educational system, which fails to provide them with the technical and business training necessary for the holding of executive positions in industry. Sane and progressive French Canadian leaders such as Premier Godbout realize that it is along such lines as modernized education that French Canadian economic equality will be achieved.

W. E. GRUNING.

Montreal, Canada.

TO the Editors: After reading Burton Le Doux's amazing and mischievous article it seems important to list a few facts about Catholic unions and labor in Quebec. He echoes the "martyr" group (not all the French Canadians by a long shot) which fans the flame of nationalism by substituting English-speaking Canadians for capitalists as villains of the labor drama here. Your correspondent showed the article to three of our French-speaking labor organizers who smiled wearily at the familiar red herring. Quebec workers have been paid wages below the standards in other provinces (a) because

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for many years the majority were willing to take less (a "law-abiding" and "docile" population was the description by the *bien-pensants*); and (b) because they did not unionize rapidly despite the efforts of the AF of L and the Canadian Congress of Labor. Until recent years the Catholic Syndicates were little more than company unions, not over-ambitious as to wages and averse to strikes. They are looked down upon, not so much by English-speaking Canadians who know little about them, as by their own French-speaking brothers who belong to the AF of L or CIO and who object to the organization of labor in Canada along religious lines. The two industries, textiles and aluminum, which Mr. Le Doux cites as depressed areas for the workers, have been altogether in the hands of the Catholic Syndicates until recently. Now that powerful unions such as the AF of L and CIO are going into those fields, the operators will have to move into line more rapidly.

During the Arvida strike when the minister of munitions howled "sabotage," all fair-minded Canadians ridiculed him and sympathized with the workers. (Our big dailies across Canada are mostly anti-labor, their abuse is handed out impartially to labor among all ethnic groups). When the big textile strike was on, a few years ago, public opinion was definitely with the strikers. A rare opportunity for the workers seemed to offer. The strike failed, (1) because intervention, including that of Cardinal Villeneuve, induced the strikers to go back to work pending a satisfactory settlement which, Mr. Le Doux admits, never was effected; and (2) because the Catholic Syndicates, not being an international, nor even a national union, had very limited strike funds to fall back on.

Canada is famous for its monopoly-capitalism. For ten years the social-democratic party (C.C.F.) has begged French Canadian "nationalists" in the name of humanity to join in an effort to get back the natural resources for the people of Canada, which in Quebec would have meant principally French Canadians. They refused. Now Maxime Raymond's party (Bloc Populaire) adopts that program, for Quebec only, in the name of an avenging nationalism.

M. SHERIDAN.

The Stage & Screen

La Belle France

"*THE HEART OF A NATION*" is the much-talked-of French film that was completed only a few days before the Germans marched into Paris. The invaders seized many of the current movies, destroyed the negative of this one. However, the lavender print was secretly buried by a roadside, later smuggled out of France, brought to this country piece by piece.

I am sorry that this film, which is no doubt the last French picture we shall see for some time and about which there is an aura of drama, cannot stand up with the best of French cinema. Its director, Julian Duvivier, has caught the spirit of France in many of the smaller and transitional scenes, but in its big scenes, its history-in-the-making episodes, the film does not come up to expectations. The film as a whole is diffuse; its message, if any, is one of disillusionment.

"The Heart of a Nation" tells the story of a family from 1871, during the siege of Paris, until 1939 when the great-grandson of Pierre Froment, who died in '71 in defense of his country, gets married before he goes into the army as a young doctor. During this 70-year cycle, France is invaded by the Germans three times. Apparently the only reason for these invasions is that the Germans want the vineyards and the grain of the good French earth which they are too lazy to produce for themselves. The film avoids politics but shows us how the French, particularly the Froments, lived and suffered during the wars; in between the invasions they played and did *not* prepare for the next one. The Maginot Line and confusion of the thirties are not mentioned.

The 1871 Froment père wants, most of all, education for his children. This they get, although Estelle (Suzy Prim) devotes most of her time caring for her brothers: Bernard, a schoolteacher (Lucien Nat); Felix, an engineer (Louis Jouvet). The marriage of Bernard to the daughter of a bicycle dealer gives Director Duvivier an opportunity to do a delightful period scene colored by the bicycles and customs of the '90s. Some good fun is introduced through bossy Uncle Jules, played by Raimu in top form. Uncle Jules is a gay blade, and shows how gay in a later episode in which he treats the Froments to an evening at the Moulin Rouge—a scene which is like a Toulouse Lautrec drawing brought to life. Bernard's children disappoint their father when the son turns toward aviation and the daughter (Michele Morgan) marries a Bohemian artist. Bernard's sister, Estelle, now an old maid, devotes herself to nursing during the World War. In the film's most moving scene she receives the Legion of Honor medal. Bernard's son is killed. After the war Bernard's daughter opens a fashionable dress establishment, which is meant to typify the post-war extravagances of the jazz age. It is her son who serves his country in World War II. The film ends, much as it opened, with women of France again standing in food lines. The finale shows elderly Bernard and his wife praying in Notre Dame.

This French cavalcade is uneven artistically. Some of the episodes are well acted and expertly directed. Others are mediocre. The film has English subtitles which, although they are not always accurate, are of assistance in understanding the French script. Charles Boyer reads a foreword, and from time to time he interprets the action of the film; this proves more of an annoyance than a help. When I saw this film there were a large number of French sailors at the preview. They were most enthusiastic and I wished I could speak French so I could ask them many things: is this a fair representation of recent France? do the French think the Germans are after only their grain and vineyards? have the French no other answer but negative bitterness? Perhaps now is not the time to plague the French with questions. In any case, "The Heart of a Nation" is an infinitely better portrayal of the French than any Hollwood has turned out.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Dearth of Criticism

***By* Jerome Mellquist**

HOW often does an American art critic convince us that he looks at a picture with fresh eyes? Sometimes he tells us that a bucolic landscape has been produced by a Mid-westerner who likes the tame pastures of Iowa. Again, looking at an Eakins, he will say that the severe painter of Philadelphia was admirable because he urged Americans to find their subjects in their native land. Or he will reprimand Whistler because he lived abroad. What of it? What if a Grant Wood did compose his cutouts of an Iowa landscape? If they are not interesting paintings, who cares? And if an Eakins had a formula, what does it matter if he provided his followers with the best sentiments in the world? The work of art is the thing, and the critic's job is to relate himself to it.

Too many of our critics are failing to do this, and certainly one big reason is that they approach a painting or a sculpture with a sociological notion. We are told that the nineteenth century had no place for the artist and that consequently he was a blighted being. Blighted he often was, but was somebody else always to blame? Too often we are informed that an artist's duty is to celebrate his native country. If he does that, we can applaud. This, in a cruder form, is an extension of the sociological view, since both take their root in a point of external justification. This sociological approach is now such a burden upon our art writers that they seldom straighten up and even use their eyes.

Homer Saint-Gaudens, for instance, who for over twenty years has been presiding at the Carnegie Institute, makes it his thesis[1] that if we saw a Smibert in the vicinity of a colonial ladder-back chair, or a Gilbert Stuart *Washington* near a mantle in Mount Vernon, or a Walter Shirlaw above a horse-hair sofa, we might better appreciate these paintings. Perhaps. Yet some of the dingiest rooms in the Louvre, when the December light scarcely permits one to see, still give off the mysterious insights of Chardin. The hungry will seek their food, and they will eat it, even if with difficulty. And if Mr. Saint-Gaudens believes that a replica of a French court would enhance the pictures in that ill-lit room, he might well observe that Chardin, by a single picture, can tell more to the imaginative mind than all the bedsteads and ornamental mirrors from Versailles. This is an interior decorator's approach to art, for it transfers us from the true locus, which is the *work,* to the setting. A good picture needs no setting: it is its own drama.

Yet even with such a slant, Mr. Saint-Gaudens might be able to illuminate a segment or two of our art. But he merely notes the fringe of things. He is too chatty. All art is a cocktail party. And his book reveals no fresh research. Its only contribution, indeed, is in such trifles as he can recall from his own background—that of a childhood in the household of a distinguished father. Then, when he at last has completed the historical survey to the present day, he seeks to please all comers at once, with the result that our men of probity jostle the leg-pullers and cultists as if all were packed into the same house-party. Such writing does not provide even the rudiments of criticism.

More sifting is apparent in the four books[2] on American painters now dead. James W. Lane on Whistler, Forbes Watson on Homer, Roland McKinney on Eakins, Peyton Boswell, Jr., on Bellows, have digested the data and encompassed it adequately in their brief essays. Mr. Lane might be corrected for stating that Whistler's father permitted him to go to Paris (since Major Whistler had died several years before in Russia) and he might be questioned for holding that Whistler's "spirit broke" during his European years. There was a shift in Whistler's life, but upon what basis can one say that it broke? As for Mr. Watson's brochure, he does well to emphasize the watercolors of the Yankee hermit. The clean, wind-driven spirit of Homer was there at its best. Mr. McKinney, however, is too overcome by the merits in

[1] *The American Artist and His Times,* by Homer Saint-Gaudens. 65 illustrations, one in color. $5.00. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 332 pp. text.

[2] *The American Artists Series,* 4 volumes boxed, $7.50; singly $1.95. Each 8 color-plates, 75 half-tones. Crown Publishers, New York.

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Eakins's adjurations to the young, to pierce to the essential shortcomings of the paintings. Yet in such terms his book is acceptable. But the Boswell volume is full of absurdities. Why call George Bellows one of the "great printmakers of all time"? And are we not old enough to quit assuming that a still-life is any less "virile a subject" than clotheslines or human faces? And if a capacity for the watercolor signifies the lack of "robust personality," as Mr. Boswell infers that it does, then surely Winslow Homer was not New England granite. Such exceptions aside—as well as the fact that the color-plates are seldom up to the half-tones—at least three of these four volumes may be taken as introductions to the artists.

One expects something more from Carl Zigrosser, the Curator of Prints at the Philadelphia Museum. Not only is he the author of a competent reference-book on prints of the past, but he has, for well over two decades, done much to encourage a revival in the lithograph, the wood-cut and associated mediums. He has been well-disposed towards the contemporary artist and he has warmly advanced many a young struggler in his first steps. Therefore, one approaches his "Artist in America"[3] with the expectation that these virtues will again be exemplified. Unfortunately, Mr. Zigrosser's good will has got the better of him. For most of his twenty-four artists—all of whom are print-makers—he has only the kind word. And more, too often the extravagant word. He uses the term "great" no less than six times on the first page of his essay on Rockwell Kent. He twice refers to the "immortal" lithographs of Adolf Dehn. He thinks that Wanda Gág might have been one of the great writers had she not devoted herself more largely to lithographs. And twice he confides that Harry Sternberg has an "exuberant virility." Is this not altogether excessive? Such epithets would suggest that Zigrosser does not have a critical intelligence. Yet when he punctures some of the stupidities of Thomas Benton—whom he well terms the "Missouri Senator in Art"—and when the praises the "idylls and threnodies" in the chiselled New England engravings of Thomas Nason, he shows that he has a capacity, not only for criticism, but for the evocative phrase as well. His chapters on John Marin and Alfred Stieglitz have also their moments of discernment. But the book is unsatisfactory.

And this is because it has a divided intention. In seeking to be kind to his friends, Zigrosser has neglected his critical obligations. And it is no answer to explain—as he does in his introduction—that he has sought to be the biographer rather than the critic. The writer is known by the quality of his judgments. And if Mr. Zigrosser wants to adopt a free-and-easy "profile" style, it is still incumbent upon him to make it match the level of his best. One can only hope that the present book, which is distinguished in format, in printing, and in exactitude as to reproductions, will be surpassed in content by the successor which is already planned.

An earlier America springs up from the pages of Harry T. Peters' "Currier & Ives."[4] Sleigh-rides and Thanksgiving in the country and mustached Beau Brummels and untethered locomotives and fires on the Mississippi . . . he has sorted out 192 of the best of these nineteenth century prints. He introduces them with but 40 pages of text. This conveys all that we wish to know about the firm, its artists and their methods. One may regret that the color-plates do not all possess the seemliness of the first one, and yet the book in general has a consistency of flavor that suggests somehow a true kinship with the simpler Republic which it reflects.

Above all, Mr. Peters has no complicated theories about the American artist and the place which he deserves in his society. Why should he? The first obligation of the art critic is to address our eyes. Then let him say what he has to say in terms of this visual experience. When American art as a whole has been encompassed in that way, we shall have emancipated our art criticism. We shall have abandoned sociological and other explanations. We shall have found, as did our first art critic, James Jackson Jarves, one hundred years ago, that the picture, the statue, or the etching has its own life, and one that can exalt the entire community from which it springs.

[3] *The Artist in America, Twenty-four Close-ups of Contemporary Printmakers*, by Carl Zigrosser. 92 illustrations. $5.00. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 207 pp. text.

[4] *Currier & Ives, Printmakers to the American People*, by Harry T. Peters. 192 illustrations, 32 in color. 41 pp. text. $5.00. Doubleday, Doran, New York.

Editors' Choice

Pioneer to the Past: The Story of James H. Breasted. *Charles Breasted. Scribners.* $3.50.

The Fifth Seal. *Mark Aldanov. Scribners.* $3.00.

The Judgment of the Nations. *Christopher Dawson. Sheed & Ward.* $2.50.

Mr. Ford and Mr. Breasted

RECENTLY in these pages we reviewed a life of Henry Ford, the unknown mechanic who became . . . and so forth. And, of course, his story is an unusual story, and the whole point of a success story lies in the contrast between what a man was, what he started from, and what he became, what he made of himself. Mr. Ford rose from obscurity to fame, from poverty to wealth and that would seem enough of a contrast. But take the story of James H. Breasted. He was born in Illinois in 1865 and you have no sooner written that down than you would like to write at length about his most remarkable and fascinating parents and grandparents who were most romantically pioneer. By the time Breasted was a boy in school they had lost most of their money. They had influence, local influence, and the young man could undoubtedly have found his way in Illinois and he might very well have rebuilt the family fortune.

He started out seriously enough. At twenty-one he was a pharmacist graduate clerking in a drug store. But then things began to happen. He felt a call to the ministry. Well, that was still in the normal pattern. But in his studies for the ministry he encountered the Hebrew language, and then he was lost. He studied it so diligently that he began to think in Hebrew. It was like a man

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who suddenly finds that he is not tied to one place and can travel. Hebrew was the first new country Breasted visited. "Eventually," his son Charles tells us, writing his father's life, "he taught himself Greek, Latin, Aramaic, Syriac, Babylonian and Assyrian cuneiform, Arabic, ancient Egyptian, French, German and a moderate facility in Italian." But a language generally, though not always, serves to express a meaning. Breasted proceeded from a study of languages to the study of what the languages could tell him about the ancient peoples who employed them and who left these traces of speech and of thought on the ruins that endured after those who built them had disappeared. Breasted spent his life in a tenacious effort to read the history and meaning of the past. He became archeologist and historian.

Mr. Ford stayed close to his boyhood interests, to his country, to the growth of his country. Mr. Breasted whose family had been pioneers in America became a "Pioneer to the Past." It is the sort of thing that might have happened to Lincoln if Lincoln had chanced to fall on Hebrew—for the Breasteds were as American as was Lincoln, as removed as Lincoln from any interest in the Hittites, the Assyrians, the Egyptians.

This is therefore the story of one of those remarkable and unpredictable breaks in the history of a family—similar to those sudden breaks which have so perplexed the students of evolution. Of course the story is of great interest for very other and different reasons. Breasted's travels, excavations—he was present at the opening of "Tutenkhamon's" tomb—make fascinating reading. His reflections on the broader aspects of the life of ancient man are in the grand manner. His philosophy is not ours. At an early date "he had begun to discern . . . that man himself had created the concepts he attributed to divinity" —a flat statement which suffices to justify his not entering upon a ministerial career. And the book is readable and interesting in its leisurely way. But the early chapters describing Breasted's amazing break with the entire manner of life which might have been expected of him will long remain in our minds. They furnish a memorable and most curious illustration of man's freedom.

Politics and Old Men

LOVE and marriage, the stuff of most novels, find little place in Mark Aldanov's absorbing account of political intrigue and physical disintegration in pre-war Paris. One of the characters, an old revolutionary, well expresses the situation: "Even poets—and they are the most accomplished liars—have never succeeded in making the love of an old man poetic. That is the tragedy of old age, but then there are many ridiculous tragedies in this world. Young people—and they are the real masters of the situation—always have laughed at it. Though many poets have written remarkable things in their old age, in literature an old man in love always cuts a ridiculous figure and becomes a sensualist (an old lecher!)." Practically all the leading characters here are unhappy old men conscious that because of various ailments they are all but breathing their last. Only a Russian could make such matter a subject of sustained interest.

There are two leading themes which wind in and out throughout the tale. One is the cold-blooded murder of an old man for a few thousand francs by a neurotic young secretary and translator. He doesn't even seem to have in mind any special use for the money. There are other old men drawn into his trial and punishment, notably his employer, the writer Vermandois who, if anyone is, is the hero of the book.

The other theme is political: nazism vs. communism vs. democracy. As with Russian and other continental novels there is lengthy conversation devoted to philosophic and quasi-philosophic ideas. Some samples: "The [Lenin] experiment was carried out. It proved that a human soul cannot exist under the terrific pressure to which we exposed it. Under such pressure people turn to slime." "The destructive force of science was so incalculably greater than its constructive force. At that moment he felt especially vividly that savages were all around him, savages within and without, that he was hemmed in by savages on all sides, and that the streets of this beautiful, this most civilized city in the world now, with the descent of darkness, were lurking with shadowy, mysterious, horrible beings who were plotting terrible crimes." ". . . our free institutions. With all their imperfections, with all their shortcomings, they are still the best in the world. The tragedy, the great tragedy, is that our free institutions are being eaten away by indifference, selfishness and cupidity, and that we have deprived them of their spiritual essence by making of them an absurd and senseless pantomime."

Is there no hope, then, here below or in the hereafter? No. But wait. At the final moment disillusioned old Vermandois shows that despite his desperate personal straits and his waning health he will not sell out whatever public influence he has left to the tempting Stalinists. Yes, in his defiance there is a tuft of hope.

Way to Restoration

SHALL we go to the historian to find out how to get out of the tragic chaos into which the world has been reducing itself? Surely no one can better tell us how we got there, and that is an essential preparatory step. We cannot do better than ponder what the distinguished author of the "Making of Europe" has to say in this regard. The crux of the matter is that the world has become completely secularized, has cut itself off from religion, the source of its life and strength. Mr. Dawson explains that secularization has submitted humanity to the unopposed triumph of the machine—for material gain and military domination. These new forces which modern man has unleashed have all too easily submerged the pallid, emasculated liberal ideals he has developed.

That was the way in, and how would Mr. Dawson have humanity extricate itself from these toils of its own making? According to the "Judgment of the Nations" it boils down to this: interfaith collaboration of the type of the Sword of the Spirit. There is no question that this is a development to be most devoutly sought from every angle. The effect, for instance, of Catholics manifesting the vigor of their faith by collaborating wholeheartedly in social matters with other groups would be incalculable.

But in itself this would not provide an answer to the basic question. In this country, at any rate, religion is still for most Catholics a private matter. It does not color their views or activities in political, economic, social or cultural matters. The difficulty is greater than that of knowing and applying the social encyclicals, much as that would help. The sorry fact is that American Catholics do not see the connection between their religion and their life activities. Their religion is a private sphere apart. In consequence more friendliness toward those of other

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persuasions would have little influence in re-Christianizing their communities. Most present-day American Catholics have little to contribute to the solution of current political and social problems beyond a friendly smile.

The first step, then, is to establish the connection between our religious principles and the varied activities of workaday life. This is admittedly a tremendous task. It begins with the parish, which should be brought to view itself, as the Liturgy points out, as a loving family in which the well-being of each is the concern of all. Then through schools and publications and pulpit the people will come to view their work and their leisure, their home economics and their politics and the larger relationships of their community and nation in a Catholic light. Once the world is no longer secularized for Catholics, they will have something to offer their neighbor on matters where collaboration is now and will still be a crying need. Only then will Christian restoration be under way.

Of course Mr. Dawson may imply all this, or English Catholics may not treat their religion as a private matter, seeking only to avoid individual sins. Unhappily our impression is not so. Mr. Dawson has presented most forcefully and convincingly what the forces of secularization are. Let us hope that on a future occasion he will suggest how Catholics can begin reintegrating themselves and eventually society from within.

More Books of the Week

We Can Win This War. William F. Kernan. Little, Brown. $1.50.

WE ARE LUCKY to have a colonel on active service, a student of military history who could write this book. For it had to be written. Too many people believe everything is fine, that the products of our factories will soon overwhelm Germany under an irresistible weight of metal. Then on to Japan. Victory is inevitable because we will soon have the largest, best equipped, best fed and entertained armed force in the world with the very latest, therefore best, gadgets produced by American super-genius. But this title: "We Can Win This War." What's it mean? We're winning—or aren't we? Well, let's see.

The author does not bother with the obvious things such as the "battle of the Atlantic" which we are all beginning to understand has been a losing battle to date. He pitches into the things that matter. He points to the lack of United Nations strategy, to their slavish imitation of Prussian tactics—a phase of war which the Germans have studied and perfected over the years and for which they have prepared by practicing the austerities demanded of a people dedicated to war. He deplores our so-called global strategy which knocks at the rim of the wheel and wastes men and materials in delaying actions and insignificant attacks all over the world; attacks which can gain no strategic advantage even when they succeed because the attacking force has no depth, is over extended and cannot cut through to the hub where lies the enemy's strength. He blames this upon the "administration complex," the curse of modern armies, the staff which is interested only in the calculable, such as fire power, reserves, thickness of armor, etc., adds them up and orders an attack only when victory is assured by the totaled figures.

Tactics, good tactics are necessary. But tactics against tactics can only bring about a stalemate, the kind of war we experienced from 1914-1918 when millions of men were murdered for half a square mile of torn and bloody ground. The Germans, the author believes, have failed to win so far because they have no concept of strategy. Now they have over extended themselves and lost the initiative. We *can* win if we will learn and apply the elements of strategy.

Obviously the author believes we must cut out the heart of Germany before we move on Japan. Obviously, too, he laments the time we have given both our major enemies to consolidate their gains. Soon they will outbuild us. It is always later than we think in this war.

What is this strategy about which the author talks so much? It is many things. It is timing, spacing, concentration of force. It consists of striking and striking again with force and intelligence where it will disturb the enemy most. But it means much more than that. It means taking risks. It means putting an end to the substitution of "careful planning and able administration for the agonizing uncertainties of strategy," which in turn implies a realization of the meaning of this war. Thus strategy becomes the property of the people. They, not the generals, the staff, the rulers, will determine whether we shall win this war or lose. Their attitude will determine the course of history.

The last chapter makes this plain. If we want to win we shall have to risk all: We shall have to "take leave forever of ease and softness and self-indulgence in our homes as well as in our wars." Men do not risk all, do not give up ease, until they know that the alternative is death. The author writes: "For, as I have said, this is a peoples' war and if the people are going to win it they are going to have to understand strategy. And they are going to have to understand theology too, for it is also a religious war in which the children of the Faith are engaged with the powers of darkness." It's as simple as that. But what will the democratic world based upon Christian principles yet committed for generations past to the proposition that God is unimportant, make of it?

This war has an either-or character. The book makes that clear. Will we give, and give, and give again of our blood and our substance—or will we not? If not, we shall be defeated. And, as a German general wrote in the *Deutsche Wehr* in 1935, the total war of the future will end with "the complete and final disappearance of the vanquished from the stage of history." WILLIAM AGAR.

Lee's Lieutenants; Volume II. Douglas Southall Freeman. Scribner. $5.00.

THIS second volume of Dr. Freeman's definitive study of Lee's subordinate officers deals with the strategy of the period from the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 8, 1862, to the period of the battle of Chancellorsville May 2, 3, 4, 1863. In a more comprehensive and readable manner than they have been presented before, the author gives us in easily grasped detail the campaigns associated with such struggles as second Manassas, Antietam Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. The second volume is easily as scholarly as was the first. The main figure is that of Jackson. The author admires Jackson, but at the same time advances a considerably larger amount of criticism of him than do most other writers. The deep spiritual nature of the Confederate general is, however, repeatedly emphasized. For example, referring to the battle of Cedar Mountain, the author writes of Jackson: "[his] general management of the action was lacking in grasp and control. . . . though he outnumbered his adversary [Banks]

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two to one, he did not utilize anything like his entire force. Nor did he dominate the field. Except for a hand in rallying the center after it broke, Jackson had small part in the operations of the day." But as the war progressed, it is the conviction of the author that Jackson developed into a much more able commander. Jackson's religious convictions were evident, however, in all phases of the war. Following the battle of Cedar Mountain, Jackson wrote to his wife, "All glory be to God for His unnumbered blessings. . . . Let us unite more earnestly in imploring God's aid in fighting our battles for us. . . . If God be for us, who can be against us?" This same conviction, that God was fighting on his side, accompanied Jackson until he died of pneumonia, on May 10, 1863, after having been wounded by his own men at Chancellorsville.

In addition to the activities of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, we follow the fortunes of war as they affected the careers of James Longstreet, James Ewell Brown Stuart, Ambrose Powell Hill, Richard Stoddert Ewell, Jubal Anderson Early, John Pelham, Robert Emmett Rodes, and many others. The man in the ranks is also kept before us constantly.

The difficulties under which the Southern armies fought, the petty jealousies which existed among the various commanders, the relationship of Robert E. Lee to the subordinate commanders, the plans made for the battles, the actual fighting as the tide of battle changed are all dealt with in detail. The most exacting research, and in generous measure, preceded the writing of the book. The supplementary material in the footnotes is very helpful, elaborating as it does on the text proper, and calling attention to various conflicts in the sources themselves. The index is very detailed; two solid pages of fine print are devoted to references to Jackson. The book is definitely deserving of careful reading rather than hasty perusal. It is indeed a scholarly, detailed, unbiased but nevertheless sympathetic treatment of the developments from August, 1862, to May, 1863, of some of the most important phases of that awful American tragedy, the Civil War.

PAUL KINIERY.

New Viewpoints on the Spanish Colonization of America. Silvio Zavala. University of Pennsylvania. $1.25.

"I SHALL be satisfied," writes the author of this admirable, readable, and scholarly volume, "if I have succeeded in making clear in this book the reasons that exist for believing that the Spanish colonization of America was characterized by a rich social ideology and a substantial amount of experimentation. The subject is one that can be studied with profit if we renounce the prejudices that have long made it seem an inert mass of historical facts and a period of slight constructive significance."

A work of synthesis and interpretation, the book represents a compilation of lectures delivered by the author in 1941 and 1942 in the University of Guadalajara (Mexico), the School of Law of the National University of Mexico, and before various student bodies in the United States at the invitation of the Director of the Division of Economics and History of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Dr. James T. Shotwell, who also provided funds for its publication.

The subject matter covers the legal claims of Spain to the Indies, the papal bulls of Alexander VI relative to the Indies, evangelical and political problems of penetration

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HOW NOT TO WASTE SUFFERING

The Passion of Christ Our Lord was an event complete in itself but not enclosed in itself. It took place in a given month of a given year; yet every man till the end of time is born and lives in the full stream of it. It is continuous, not by reason of incompleteness (like a serial story), but because the energies in it were inexhaustible. It is continuous not because it needed anything but because everything needs it.

It is a mystery or rather a number of strands of mystery knotted. There is the part played by Our Lord's Godhead, the part played by His Humanity, the part played by *our* humanity. His Godhead gave the Passion the infinite value by which it redeems us; but though no act of human nature could by its human value have redeemed us, human nature was to give all that it had to give, first in Him, then in us. Alongside His Passion, we already find the *com*-passion of Our Lady: and in that sense there is a continuing compassion of the human race. And the more we think about these things, the more light the mystery will shed for us upon the whole of life.

Obviously the place to study Our Lord's Passion is the fourfold Gospel; and the Church sees that we do precisely that in Holy Week. But provided we have made this foundation study, other books can be useful—mainly as remedies for our tendency to lose the sense of freshness in a tale we have heard so often. Even the books we read may seem repetitious, for after two thousand years one can hardly expect new angles for the author's camera. Yet Otto Michael has found a new angle. Barabbas is the forgotten man of the Passion and it is through his eyes that this notable refugee Austrian author looks at Christ's Trial. ***The Hour of Barabbas*** will help to restore the sense of reality that comes from a fresh view.

For this moment the supreme book on the continuation of Christ's Passion in the children of men is Caryll Houselander's ***This War is the Passion.*** It is a triumphant book, lucid and luminous. The author's mind quite literally lives the doctrine: not only sees it, sees *by* it. I shall try to summarize the truth she sees by. Suffering is inescapable. But the annihilating element in suffering is not the pain, terrible as that may be; it is the sense of meaninglessness. Suffering calls upon men for a vast mobilization of their energies to wrestle with it, to keep their humanity from being drowned in it: all that concentration of energy for a negative—to keep suffering at bay.

Nothing could be more desperate and devitalizing. To men thus devitalized and despairing, Christianity offers the truth that suffering can bear fruit ***if it is united with the Passion of Christ.*** Suffering is not simply to be wrestled with but to be used. United with Christ's Passion, it is significant, effective, even in some mysterious way redemptive. Suffering is given men to do something with, the more they are given the more they can do with it, not an atom of it need be wasted. To set about getting the uttermost use of it we must first see with the intellect, then accept with the will, its true relation to the Passion of Christ.

The necessity of using suffering rather than wasting it (and being wasted by it) is always more urgent when the level of human suffering rises, and in war it rises spectacularly. That is the challenge accepted in the very title of Caryll Houselander's book—THIS WAR IS THE PASSION. FJS

THE HOUR OF BARABBAS, by Otto Michael, published this week. Price $1.00. THIS WAR IS THE PASSION, by Caryll Houselander, continuing best seller. Price $2.00.

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in the New World, the doctrine of just war as argued by the savants of the period, Indian slavery and the emancipation of the Indian slaves, the encomienda as a political and economic institution, the evolution of the labor system, and Spanish colonization and social experiments. The style is that of short, compact essays, without footnotes. A select bibliography of works actually consulted is followed by a bibliography of the author's books and articles. There is no index.

The importance of this little book to the general reader as well as to the student in search of "orientation" of viewpoint on the Spanish conquest and colonization is that it effectively indicates the various forces at work, the noble and the progressive as well as the selfish and the questionable, in the process of Spanish expansion into the New World. The author points out that although the three colonial centuries present a less animated picture than the national period, the roots of contemporary Spanish-American society lie deep in this colonial past and account, if not for a civilization in line with the nineteenth century idea of progress as in English America, at least for a mature and humane point of view, as well as in self-criticism, reserves of patience, and a disinterested appreciation of beauty.

In his general backgrounds and discussion of the theories underlying the legal claims of Spain and the position of the popes relative to Spanish hegemony in the New World, Zavala casts his eye over all Hispanic-America and likewise over the general field of European, ecclesiastical, and scholastic contribution. The result is the historically familiar and complex picture of force and pragmatic design in triumphant progress, while philosophers and idealists argue among themselves and humanitarians hasten to mitigate the blow or to pick up the pieces. The fact that conscience was constantly at work, that free discussion was permitted, that protective laws were enacted, and that Christian ideals were sustained throughout the Conquest, is, however, all to the credit of the spiritual and civilizing elements of Catholic Spain. The author makes this clear.

In his closer studies of land, labor, and social problems, Zavala naturally gravitates to his native Mexico, facing honestly and sympathetically the problems of colonial society and giving due credit to what he calls the "liberal" elements which constantly worked for the protection and betterment of the Indian. Limited but significant classification of social experiments is also made, including those of Don Vasco de Quiroga, first bishop of Michoacan, whom Zavala regards as notably influenced by Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*.

A most important and basic reference is made to the problem of peonage, which gave the Mexican Revolution its war cry. The system of peonage, the author admits, had colonial roots, but during the colonial period a measure of protection was afforded in various ways by law and the vigilance of public authority. It was later, when "laissez faire and other abstentionist theories of public law left the peons alone and defenseless against the economic power of their masters," that "the harshness of the hacienda regimen increased, and the population and importance of the Indian villages steadily diminished in comparison with the estates employing peons." It is interesting to note that these same observations were made in the preambles of the Mexican land laws of 1915 which launched the agrarian reform. What is not generally or equally stressed is that these harmful laissez faire and other abstentionist theories, which resulted in the wholesale dispossession of the Mexican Indian from his village properties, were incorporated into law by the middle nineteenth century Liberals, by Juarez, Lerdo, and others of "the Reform," whose primary concern was to reduce or remove the public influence of the Catholic Church from the economic and cultural life of the nation.

For its constantly intelligent appraisal of the evolution of the Spanish conquest of America and of colonial economic life, particularly in Mexico, this book can be recommended as a valuable basic contribution.

JAMES A. MAGNER.

Monkey. Wu Ch'eng-en. Day. $2.75.
Father and Glorious Descendant. Pardee Lowe. Little. $2.50.

MUCH as we have taken Madame Chiang Kai-shek to our hearts, there is no major people about whom we know so little as our friends, the Chinese. Instinctively, though, long before we became allied in the struggle against the Axis, we felt a strong attachment and sympathy for them. And not only for the Chinese artist, scholar and philosopher, but also for the common citizen. Hence many Americans should welcome the opportunity to find out more about the traditions and ways of this attractive people.

Chinese literature itself is one of the principal avenues. An outstanding example is Wu Ch'eng-en's "Monkey," which deals with a legend that goes back hundreds of years and which was cast in novel form in the sixteenth century. Its English version, with the translation by Arthur Waley, makes interesting reading if taken in short stretches. It is usually interpreted as an allegory, with Monkey—the chief character, who in the early stages is up to all sorts of tricks to show off newly-acquired magical powers—the prototype for sinful man. Even in the presence of various gods, Monkey is boastful, impudent and unregenerate, and he has to do centuries of penance for his various escapades. In the end, however, by dint of a magic cap, which causes excruciating pain on the recitation of certain formulas, a Buddhist priest, who takes Monkey on his pilgrimage to India to secure the sacred scriptures, succeeds in sobering him considerably. This popular folk tale is humorous, discursive and imaginative; it indicates what the Chinese like.

Chinese Americans provide another pathway to greater knowledge of the Chinese. Pardee Lowe's "Father and Glorious Descendant" is an extremely amusing and often illuminating personal study of the impact of American culture upon the Chinese immigrant and his children who grow up here. One of the most characteristic features of Chinese civilization, of course, is the strength of family ties. As the author's father well expressed it, "A Chinese family, Glorious Descendant, is a well-knit social unit. Nothing happens to one member that does not affect all." Another feature is their highly expressive way of saying things, even when the formulas of polite intercourse are translated literally into their English equivalents. According to Mr. Lowe, for instance, good-bye in Chinese is "Slowly, slowly walk."

One of the most amusing chapters in the whole book is called "Father's Wildcat Soup." First, a savage *Yeh Meow* (wildcat) that was for sale had to be found; his vigor was tested out by poking him with a stick. Then he had to be brought home on the end of a long shoulder-pole and caged in a crate in the cellar. He was killed by drowning in the bathtub. The carcass was quartered and

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plunged into a large washboiler crammed with savory herbs, according to the recipe of Dr. Woo, "On How to Stew a Wildcat." The soup, which was intended to function as a powerful tonic, was served to all the family and the four brave members who partook liberally thereof tossed and perspired all the night, and awoke to find they all had nosebleeds.

Amusing as are so many pages of this book, it is not without its pathos. If the story it unfolds is at all typical, the development of Chinese Americans is much the same as that of many other immigrants. Only a generation or two are required to melt away institutions and traditions of many centuries. One after another American superficialities replace them, and the culture so painstakingly built up for generations is irrevocably lost. It is a happy thought that murderous tong feuds die out too.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

The Hill. David Greenhood. Duell. $2.50.

MUCH of our recent literature seems to stem from California, yet lacks, with certain exceptions, a regional flavor. Steinbeck, Saroyan, and now here is a new name, Greenhood. Saroyan, of course, hardly checks with real people at all, and the figures he creates out of his own poetic consciousness might just as well hail from anywhere else. Steinbeck, when he deals with the local scene, is more concerned with the outsiders—Okies, Mexicans and the San Francisco Italians—than he is with the "native sons." His "Tortilla Flat"—that joyous community of foreign Bohemians completely untroubled by moral restraints—contains, as I recall it, no single native figure. In contrast Mr. Greenhood's "Wabash Hill" is as native American as you make them—without on that account appearing distinctively Californian. Is there perhaps no such thing as a California type?

It is an old worked-out mining community, the Hill, with not a foreign "element" in its population but for the unforgettable exception of Ma Wong, an old Chinese lady of none too savory a past, who yet is held in the highest regard by all of its inhabitants. And one believes in Ma Wong, not merely from the author's description of her personality, but from the no less admirable delineation of her person by the book's illustrator, Mr. Charles R. Wilson. (Do we believe in her, too, because she has reached her centenary and it is so easy to accredit extreme old age with all the virtues?) To be sure, she has seen the heyday of the settlement when gold was actually being extracted from those now so barren hills, and no one can remember the place without her.

As for the rest of its inhabitants, they are (in the eyes of the present somewhat-heretical reviewer) much more credible than those visionary beings offered us by some of our Mid-Western writers of not so long ago as typical of humanity in those parts. It would be pleasant to "hang round" with some of them had one the leisure that is so abundant in their surroundings. Who does not know the "vendor of foul whiskey," who, in order to do something for the countryside if he cannot sell his whiskey, takes to praising the native water when he fails to persuade you of the merit of his particular brand? And who is unfamiliar with his silent assistant whose "brain was doing all it could when he agreed with what somebody else said"?

The book is not a novel, rather a string of incidents and conversations—variations on a well-worn theme, a musician might call them—but full of vivid life, and couched in the authentic accents of a race.

J. K. PAULDING.

World Federation?
International Police?
Union with Britain?

POST-WAR WORLDS

By PERCY CORBETT

is the sanest, clearest discussion to date of the form which the world-after-the-war must take. Written by the Professor of International Law at McGill University, it peddles no private panaceas but discusses the bases on which *any* successful proposal must rest — in the light of past experiences, both of the League of Nations and other experiments. It exposes the weaknesses of some current "paper plans" and shows why an international police force, alone, won't secure the Four Freedoms throughout the world.

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MEDICAL MISSIONS make a perpetual appeal to those who pity suffering bodies and souls. Read the letters of the missionary Bishops, published in *Medical Mission News* every other month, and you will realize the needs of the suffering millions to whom we minister. When the war is over the appeals will be multiplied. An offering that seems small to you will bring to one of these rest from pain, comfort in suffering. This charity is the golden key which unlocks the hearts of the pagans. One group of Sisters brought a thousand pagan criminals, on the very eve of their wholesale execution, to ask with tears for baptism. What a harvest of souls in a few days!

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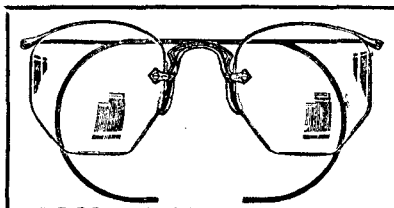

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Celestial Homespun: The Life of Isaac Thomas Hecker. Katherine Burton. Longmans. $3.00.

ONCE AGAIN Mrs. Burton has followed her fictional method of writing biography. Though this may be rather distressing, or even offensive, to some people, there can be no doubt that it appeals to many readers who have no great liking for formal biography, especially when (as is so often the case) it is formidably formal. Any piece of writing must be judged by the author's intention and the purpose it serves. That Mrs. Burton may be able to write in no other way does not in the least lessen the value of her work.

The so-called scholar—the kind of man who knows just enough to be able to pick out small mistakes—can be counted upon to list a large number of them here. Just to show that I can pick them out as easily as anybody else, I note that Newman's Littlemore appears as "Littleton," that a couple of lines from Byron are misquoted twice (each time in a different way), that the date of Brownson's death is given as 1878 instead of 1876, and that Father Hewit's Christian name is put down on the same page as "Augustine" and "Augustus." Having said which, I add that such slips do not seem to me of great importance, and that, in a book of this kind, one should be reasonably indulgent towards a certain amount of transference of conversations and letters from the people to whom they belong to somebody else or to another chronological order. Being a novelist, Mrs. Burton has the right to take such liberties with her material, and there is ample evidence that she has this at her finger-tips in a way that the most precise scholar might envy. I know, as I have had occasion to follow closely in her tracks.

The story of the semi-illiterate young German baker in New York who fell under the spell of Orestes Brownson, who studied Kant at the kneading-trough, who went to Brook Farm and Fruitlands, and who became a Catholic, passing through the Redemptorists to found the Paulists and the *Catholic World,* has been told in such a way that the reader gets the "feel" of the personality of the man and of the age in which he lived.

She is particularly good in dealing with the matter of the high-handed expulsion of Hecker from the Redemptorists and her account of his visit to Rome as a Paulist during the Vatican Council. Concerning "Americanism" —the furore caused by the "Life" by Father Walter Elliott when loosely translated into French—she says little, perhaps because she knows little but more probably because she has had expert advice to carry her over what is still dangerously thin ice. Her one reference to Brownson's theory of Communion—which played so important a part in his conversion and in that of Hecker—is clearly misunderstood, because it appears as "the theory of Communism." But even that is not of much consequence in a book from which abstract considerations had necessarily to be excluded. The thing that is important is that we come to know Father Hecker and his circle of friends, and find them well worth knowing. Included in all this is young Isaac's beautiful friendship with Ora Gannett at Brook Farm—a friendship that was prevented from developing further largely because of the discerning Ora's conviction that he was called to other things—and the spiritual desolation which was part of Father Hecker's long strange illness, and was lifted only at the end. Perhaps only by the use of a fictional method—though one based always upon certain fact—could the inner truth about this very remarkable man be told. THEODORE MAYNARD.

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The Inner Forum

War Prisoner Work of the Papal Secretariat

THE WORK of the Vatican in reaching war prisoners in many lands continues to develop. At first only the Apostolic Delegations in various countries served as intermediaries with whom requests for news could be filed. But as the war has progressed a number of people have approached the Holy See at Vatican City directly for information as to the whereabouts of their loved ones and in order to have messages transmitted to the prisoners.

One of the most effective means found for carrying on this work is the radio. All in all a tremendous network of communications has been set up for the purpose and it includes radio and telegraph services together with special air mail couriers. Broadcasts are often made in the native language of the prisoners and the London *Catholic Herald* tells of the Indian, New Zealand and Maltese speakers employed by the Papal Secretariat of State.

The "Section for British Prisoners" gives a good example of the scope of this charitable activity so warmly encouraged by Pius XII. During the last calendar year this section dealt with some 15,000 requests for news from private persons, while 37,767 names of prisoners were broadcast over the Vatican radio. In addition 11,227 messages from prisoners of war themselves were broadcast to their families and 61,183 more were forwarded home by courier.

The *Herald* emphasizes the helpfulness of Italy in these matters: "The Italian authorities have always shown a spirit of courteous and chivalrous cooperation with the work of the Information Office by communicating to the Holy See lists of British prisoners and by furnishing periodically the details of the state of health of the sick and wounded." In the case of a death in the family or other grave news of this sort, the chaplain of the prison camp is entrusted with the message, while similar messages for the family of the prisoner are communicated by the Apostolic Delegation.

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